

**SALMAGUNDI;**  
OR, THE  
**WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS**  
*Review* OF *the*  
**LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.**  
AND OTHERS.

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In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,  
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,  
Fee, faw, fun. *Psalmanazar.*

With baked, and broil'd, and stew'd, and toasted,  
And fried, and boil'd, and smok'd, and roasted,  
We treat the town.

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NO. XI.] *Tuesday, June 2, 1807.* [NO. I. OF VOL. II.

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**LETTER**

From MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, captain  
of a ketch, to ASEM HACCHEM, principal slave-  
driver to his highness the bashaw of Tripoli.

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'The deep shadows of midnight gather around me—the footsteps of the passenger have ceased in the streets, and nothing disturbs the holy silence of the hour, save the sound of distant drums, mingled with the shouts, the bawlings, and the discordant revelry of his majesty, the sovereign mob. Let the hour be sacred to friendship, and consecrated to thee, oh thou brother of my inmost soul !

Oh Asem ! I almost shrink at the recollection of the scenes of confusion, of licentious disorganization, which I have witnessed during the last three days. I have beheld this whole city, nay this whole state, given up to the tongue and the pen, to the puffers, the bawlers, the babblers and the slang-

*whangers*. I have beheld the community convulsed with a civil war, (or *civil talk*) individuals verbally massacred, families annihilated by whole sheets full, and slang-whangers coolly bathing their pens in ink, and rioting in the slaughter of their thousands. I have seen, in short, that awful despot, *the people*, in the moment of unlimited power, wielding newspapers in one hand, and with the other scattering mud and filth about, like some desperate lunatic relieved from the restraints of his strait waistcoat. I have seen beggars on horseback, ragamuffins riding in coaches, and swine seated in places of honour—I have seen liberty. I have seen equality, I have seen fraternity!—I have seen that great political puppet-show——AN ELECTION.

A few days ago the friend, whom I have mentioned in some of my former letters, called upon me to accompany him to witness this grand ceremony, and we forthwith sallied out to *the polls*, as he called them. Though for several weeks before this splendid exhibition, nothing else had been talked of, yet I do assure thee I was entirely ignorant of its nature; and when, on coming up to a church, my companion informed me we were at the poll, I supposed that an election was some great religious ceremony, like the fast of Ramazan, or the great festival of Haraphat, so celebrated in the East.

My friend, however, undeceived me at once, and entered into a long dissertation on the nature and object of an election, the substance of which was nearly to this effect: "You know," said he, "that this country is engaged in a violent internal warfare, and suffers a variety of evils from civil dissensions. An election is the grand trial of strength, the decisive battle when the Belligerents draw out

their forces in martial array; when every leader burning with warlike ardour, and encouraged by the shouts and acclamations of tatterdemalians, buffoons, dependents, parasites, toad-eaters, scrubs, vagrants, mumpers, ragamuffins, bravoës and beggars, in his rear, and puffed up by his bellows-blowing slang-whangers, waves gallantly the banners of faction, and presses forward TO OFFICE AND IMMORTALITY !”

“ For a month or two previous to the critical period which is to decide this important affair, the whole community is in a ferment. Every man of whatever rank or degree, such is the wonderful patriotism of the people, disinterestedly neglects his business, to devote himself to his country—and not an insignificant fellow, but feels himself inspired on this occasion, with as much warmth in favour of the cause he has espoused, as if all the comfort of his life, or even his life itself, was dependent on the issue. Grand councils of war are, in the first place, called by the different powers, which are dubbed general meetings, where all the head workmen of the party collect, and arrange the order of battle—appoint the different commanders, and their subordinate instruments, and furnish the funds indispensable for supplying the expenses of the war. Inferior councils are next called in the different classes or wards, consisting of young cadets, who are candidates for offices, idlers who come there from mere curiosity, and orators who appear for the purpose of detailing all the crimes, the faults or the weaknesses of their opponents, and *speaking the sense of the meeting*, as it is called—for as the meeting generally consists of men whose quota of sense, taken indi-

vidually, would make but a poor figure, these orators are appointed to collect it all in a lump, when I assure you it makes a very formidable appearance, and furnishes sufficient matter to spin an oration of two or three hours."

"The orators who declaim at these meetings are, with a few exceptions, men of most profound and perplexed eloquence; who are the oracles of barber's shops, market places and porter houses; and who you may see every day at the corner of the streets, taking honest men prisoners by the button, and talking their ribs quite bare without mercy and without end. These orators, in addressing an audience, generally mount a chair, a table, or an empty beer barrel, (which last is supposed to afford considerable inspiration) and thunder away their combustible sentiments at the heads of the audience, who are generally so busily employed in smoking, drinking, and hearing themselves talk, that they seldom hear a word of the matter. This, however, is of little moment; for as they come there to agree at all events to a certain set of resolutions, or articles of war, it is not at all necessary to hear the speech, more especially as few would understand it if they did. Do not suppose, however, that the minor persons of the meeting are entirely idle. Besides smoking, and drinking, which are generally practised, there are few who do not come with as great a desire to talk as the orator himself—each has his little circle of listeners, in the midst of whom he sets his hat on one side of his head, and deals out matter of fact, information, and draws self-evident conclusions, with the pertinacity of a pedant, and to the great edification of his gaping auditors. Nay, the very ur-

chins from the nursery, who are scarcely emancipated from the dominion of birch, on these occasions, strut pigmy great men—bellow for the instruction of grey bearded ignorance, and, like the frog in the fable, endeavour to puff themselves up to the size of the great object of their emulation—the principal orator.”

“ But head of Mahomet,” cried I, “ is it not preposterous to a degree, for those puny whipsters to attempt to lecture age and experience? they should be sent to school to learn better.” “ Not at all,” replied my friend ; “ for as an election is nothing more than a war of words, the man that can wag his tongue with the greatest elasticity, whether he speaks to the purpose or not, is entitled to lecture at ward meetings and polls, and instruct all who are inclined to listen to him—You may have remarked a ward meeting of politic dogs, where, although the great dog is, ostensibly, the leader and makes the most noise, yet every little scoundrel of a cur has something to say, and in proportion to his insignificance, fidgets and worries, and puffs about mightily, in order to obtain the notice and approbation of his betters.” Thus it is with these little beardless bread and butter politicians, who, on this occasion, escape from the jurisdiction of their mamas, to attend to the affairs of the nation. You will see them engaged in dreadful wordy contest with old cartmen, cobblers and tailors, and plume themselves not a little, if they should chance to gain a victory.—Aspiring spirits !—how interesting are the first dawns of political greatness !—An election, my friend, is a nursery or hot-bed of genius in a logocracy—and I look with enthusiasm on a troop of these lilipu-



tian partizans, as so many chatterers, and orators, and puffers, and slang-whangers in embryo, who will one day, take an important part in the quarrels, and wordy wars of their country."

"As the time for fighting the decisive battle approaches, appearances become more and more alarming—committees are appointed, who hold little encampments, from whence they send out small detachments of tatlers, to reconnoitre, harass and skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, ascertain their numbers; every body seems big with the mighty event that is impending—the orators they gradually swell up beyond their usual size—the little orators, they grow greater and greater—the secretaries of the ward committees strut about, looking like wooden oracles—the puffers put on the airs of mighty consequence; the slang-whangers deal out direful innuendoes, and threats of doughty import, and all is buzz, murmur, suspense and sublimity!

At length the day arrives. The storm that has been so long gathering, and threatening in distant thunders bursts forth in terrible explosion. All business is at an end—the whole city is in a tumult—the people are running helter skelter, they know not whither, and they know not why. The hackney coaches rattle through the streets with thundering vehemence, loaded with recruiting serjeants who have been prowling in cellars and caves, to unearth some miserable minion of poverty and ignorance, who will barter his vote for a glass of beer, or a ride in a coach with such *fine gentlemen!*—The buzzards of the party scamper from poll to poll, on foot or on horeback—and they twaddle from committee to committee, and buzz, and

chafe, and fume, and talk big, and—*do nothing*—like the vagabond drone, who wastes his time in the laborious idleness of *see-saw-song*, and busy nothingness.”

I know not how long my friend would have continued his detail, had he not been interrupted by a squabble which took place between two *old continentals*, as they were called. It seems they had entered into an argument on the respective merits of their cause, and not being able to make each other clearly understood, resorted to what are called *knock-down arguments*, which, form the superlative degree of the *argumentum ad hominem* ; but are, in my opinion, extremely inconsistent with the true spirit of a genuine logocracy. After they had beaten each other soundly, and set the whole mob together by the ears, they came to a full explanation, when it was discovered that they were both of the same way of thinking—whereupon they shook each other heartily by the hand, and laughed with great glee at their *humourous* misunderstanding.

I could not help being struck with the exceeding great number of ragged, dirty looking persons, that swaggered about the place, and seemed to think themselves the bashaws of the land. I inquired of my friend if these people were employed to drive away the hogs, dogs, and other intruders that might thrust themselves in and interrupt the ceremony ? “By no means,” replied he ; “these are the representatives of the sovereign people, who come here to make governors, senators and members of assembly, and are the source of all power and authority in this nation.” “Preposterous,” said I, “how is it possible that such men can be capable of distinguishing between an honest

man and a knave, or even if they were, will it not always happen that they are led by the nose by some intriguing demagogue, and made the mere tools of ambitious political jugglers?—Surely it would be better to trust to providence, or even chance, for governors, than resort to the discriminating powers of an ignorant mob.—I plainly perceive the consequence.—A man, who possesses superior talents, and that honest pride which ever accompanies this possession, will always be sacrificed to some creeping insect who will prostitute himself to familiarity with the lowest of mankind, and like the idolatrous egyptian, worship the wallowing tenants of filth and mire.”

“All this is true enough,” replied my friend, “but after all you cannot say but that this is a free country, and that the people can get drunk cheaper here, particularly at elections, than in the despotic countries of the east.” I could not, with any degree of propriety or truth, deny this last assertion, for just at that moment a patriotic brewer arrived with a load of beer, which, for a moment, occasioned a cessation of argument.—The great croud of buzzards, puffers, and old continentals of all *parties*, who throng to the polls, to persuade to cheat, or to force the freeholders into the right way, and to maintain the *freedom of suffrage*, seemed for a moment to forget their antipathies, and joined, heartily, in a copious libation of this patriotic, and argumentative beverage.

These *beer barrels* indeed seem to be most able logicians, well stored with that kind of sound argument, best suited to the comprehension, and most relished by the mob, or sovereign people, who are never so tractable as when operated upon by this



convincing liquor, which, in fact, seems to be imbrued with the very spirit of a logocracy. No sooner does it begin its operation, than the tongue waxes exceeding valourous, and becomes impatient for some mighty conflict. The puffer puts himself at the head of his body guard of buzzards, and his legion of ragamuffins, and woe then to every unhappy adversary who is uninspired by the deity of the beer-barrel—he is sure to be talked, and argued into complete insignificance.

While I was making these observations, I was surprised to observe a bashaw, high in office, shaking a fellow by the hand, that looked rather more ragged, than a scare-crow, and inquiring with apparent solicitude concerning the health of his family; after which he slipped a little folded paper into his hand and turned away. I could not help applauding his humility in shaking the fellow's hand, and his benevolence in relieving his distresses, for I imagined the paper contained something for the poor man's necessities; and truly he seemed verging towards the last stage of starvation. My friend, however, soon undeceived me by saying that this was an elector, and the bashaw had merely given him the list of candidates, for whom he was to vote. "Ho! ho!" said I, "then he is a particular friend of the bashaw?" "By no means," replied my friend, "the bashaw will pass him without notice, the day after the election, except, perhaps, just to drive over him with his coach."

My friend then proceeded to inform me that for some time before, and during the continuance of an election, there was a most *delectable courtship* or intrigue, carried on between the great bashaws, and *mother mob*. That *mother mob* generally

preferred the attentions of the rabble, or of fellows of her own stamp, but would sometimes condescend to be treated to a feasting, or any thing of that kind, at the bashaw's expense; nay, sometimes when she was in a good humour, she would condescend to toy with them in her rough way—but woe be to the bashaw who attempted to be familiar with her, for she was the most pestilent, cross, crabbed, scolding, thieving, scratching, toping, wrongheaded, rebellious, and abominable termagant that ever was let loose in the world, to the confusion of honest gentlemen bashaws.

Just then, a fellow came round and distributed among the crowd a number of hand-bills, written by the *ghost of Washington*, the fame of whose illustrious actions, and still more illustrious virtues, has reached even the remotest regions of the east, and who is venerated by this people as the Father of his country. On reading this paltry paper, I could not restrain my indignation. “Insulted hero,” cried I, “is it thus thy name is profaned, thy memory disgraced, thy spirit drawn down from heaven to administer to the brutal violence of party rage!—It is thus the necromancers of the east, by their infernal incantations, sometimes call up the shades of the just, to give their sanction to frauds, to lies, and to every species of enormity.” My friend smiled at my warmth, and observed, that raising ghosts, and not only raising them but making them speak, was one of the miracles of election. “And believe me,” continued he, “there is good reason for the ashes of departed heroes being disturbed on these occasions, for such is the *sandy* foundation of our government, that there never happens an election of an alderman, or a col-

lector, or even a constable, but we are in imminent danger of losing our liberties, and becoming a province of France, or tributary to the British islands." "By the hump of Mahomet's camel," said I, "but this is only another striking example of the prodigious great scale on which every thing is transacted in this country!"

By this time I had become tired of the scene; my head ached with the uproar of voices, mingling in all the discordant tones of triumphant exclamation, nonsensical argument, intemperate reproach, and drunken absurdity.—The confusion was such as no language can adequately describe, and it seemed as if all the restraints of decency, and all the bands of law had been broken and given place to the wide ravages of licentious brutality. These, thought I, are the orgies of liberty, these are the manifestations of the spirit of independence, these are the symbols of man's sovereignty! Head of Mahomet! with what a fatal and inexorable despotism do empty names and ideal phantoms exercise their dominion over the human mind! The experience of ages has demonstrated, that in all nations barbarous, or enlightened, the mass of the people, the *mob*, must be slaves, or they will be tyrants—but their tyranny will not be long—some ambitious leader, having at first condescended to be their slave, will at length become their master; and in proportion to the vileness of his former servitude, will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny.—Yet, with innumerable examples staring them in the face, the people still bawl out liberty, by which they mean nothing but freedom from every species of legal restraint, and a warrant for all kinds of licentiousness: and the bashaws and leaders, in

courting the mob, convince them of their power and by administering to their passions, for the purposes of ambition, at length learn by fatal experience, that he who worships the beast that carries him on its back, will sooner or later be thrown into the dust and trampled under foot by the animal who has learnt the secret of its power, by this very adoration.

ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.



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FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

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## MINE UNCLE JOHN.

To those whose habits of abstraction may have let them into some of the secrets of their own minds, and whose freedom from daily toil, has left them at leisure to analyze their feelings, it will be nothing new to say that the present is peculiarly the season of remembrance. The flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of spring, returning after their tedious absence, bring naturally to our recollection past times and buried feelings; and the whispers of the full-foliaged grove, fall on the ear of contemplation, like the sweet tones of far distant friends, whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us, and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times, that casting backward many a lingering look we recal, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth and the jocund companions who started with us the race of life, but parted midway in the journey to pursue some winding path that allured them with a prospect more seducing—and never returned to us again. It is then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have even lost (and who has not!)—an old friend, or chosen companion, that his shade will hover around us—the memory of his virtues press on the heart, and a thousand endearing recollections, forgotten amidst the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance.



These spéculations bring to my mind MY UNCLE JOHN, the history of whose loves and disappointments, I have promised to the world. Though I must own myself much addicted to forgetting my promises, yet as I have been so happily reminded of this, I believe I must pay it at once, "and there an end" Lest my readers—good-natured souls that they are! should, in the ardour of peeping into millstones, take my uncle for an old acquaintance, I here inform them, that the old gentleman died a great many years ago, and it is impossible they should ever have known him:—I pity them—for they would have known a good-natured, benevolent man, whose example might have been of service.

The last time I saw my uncle John, was fifteen years ago, when I paid him a visit at his old mansion. I found him reading a newspaper;—for it was election time, and he was always a warm federalist, and had made several converts to the true political faith in his time—particularly one old tenant who always just before the election became a violent anti—— in order that he might be convinced of his errors by my uncle, who never failed to reward his conviction by some substantial benefit.

After we had settled the affairs of the nation, and I had paid my respects to the old family chronicles in the kitchen—an indispensable ceremony—the old gentleman exclaimed, with heart-felt glee, "Well, I suppose you are for a trout-fishing—I have got every thing prepared;—but first you must take a walk with me to see my improvements." I was obliged to consent, though I knew my uncle would lead me a most villanous dance, and in all probability treat me to a quagmire, or a tumble into a

ditch.—If my readers choose to accompany me in this expedition, they are welcome—if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a schoolboy; for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts, and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river as they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow, and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows, that bent down to the surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose, pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that his hair was grown a little greyer, and his forehead had lost some of its former smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of his former activity; and laughed heartily at the difficulty I found in keeping up with him as he stumped through bushes, and briers and hedges, talking all the time about his improvements, and telling what he would do with such a spot of ground, and such a tree. At length after showing me his stone fences, his famous two year old bull, his new invented cart which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was pleased to return home to dinner.

After dining and returning thanks—which with him was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and without saying a word sallied forth with some of those truly alarming steps

which Daddy Neptune once took when he was in a great hurry to attend to the affair of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favourite sport; and though I always caught two fish to his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority, but puzzled himself often and often, to account for such a singular phenomenon.

Following the current of the brook for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south-wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill-top, in golden lustre, and a kind of sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for awhile, the farmer from his rural labour, the ox from his toil, the school urchin from his primer, and bring the loving ploughman home to the feet of his blooming dairy-maid

As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun, beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half desponding tone, while he rested his arm over an old tree that had fallen—"I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an evening, and such a still quiet scene as this, always make me a little sad, and it is at such a time I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm on which "I have been young but now am old," and every object around me that is endeared by long ac-

quaintance—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built, or hospitals endowed, with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty, by an unfeeling landlord, or unprincipled knave;—but still, when I pass such a day as this and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum, to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing matches with my boy.” As he ended, he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and dropping it languidly by his side, turned himself towards home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic.—And so they were—for when I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!

He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married, and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not owing either to the deformity of his mind or person; for in his youth he was reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness for him that he had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by heaven;—neither were they owing to his poverty—which sometimes stands in an honest man’s way;—for he was born to the inheritance of a small estate which was sufficient to establish his claim to the title of “one well to do in the world.” The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry—“A man should consider,” said he to me once---“that he can always get a wife, but cannot

always get rid of her. For my part," continued he, "I am a young fellow with the world before me, (he was but about forty!) and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what's what before I marry:—in short, Launce, *I dont intend to do the thing in a hurry depend upon it.*" On this whim-wham, he proceeded: he began with young girls and ended with widows. The girls he courted until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter; and the widows not having quite as much patience, generally, at the end of a year while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some *harum-scarum* young fellow, who had not such an antipathy to *doing things in a hurry*.

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride, which was his master passion—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eye would flash triumph, "*that he might have had her.*" Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read in an innumerable



quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy except in the marriage state ; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He accordingly forthwith paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world—a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in addition to her beauty, was highly accomplished, for she had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town, where she learned to work pictures in satin and paint sheep, that might be mistaken for wolves, to hold up her head, set straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten every thing she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milching a cow, she asked her father, with an air of most enchanting ignorance, “ what that odd looking thing was doing to that queer animal ? ” The old man shook his head at this, but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamoured of her daughter’s accomplishments, that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the Tomb Scene in Romeo and Juliet :

Romeo was dressed in an orange-coloured cloak, fastened round his neck, with a large golden clasp, a white satin tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white topt boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame coloured gown, most gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high-crowned muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb;—on her feet she wore a pair of short-quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac simile of an inverted sugarloaf. The head of the “noble county Paris” looked like a chimney-sweeper’s brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good Friar hung about him as gracefully as the armour of a Rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture as a splendid proof of her daughter’s accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlour, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into that enlightened body, yclept the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady then did my uncle John become deeply enamoured, and as it was his first love he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches (for he was a great beau) mount his grey horse Pepper, and ride over to see miss Pamela, though she lived upwards of a mile off, and he was obliged to pass close by a church-yard, which at least a hundred creditable

persons would swear was haunted ! Miss Pamela could not be insensible to such proofs of attachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness ; her mother always left the room when he came, and my uncle had as good as made a declaration, by saying one evening very significantly “ that he believed he should soon change his condition,” when some how or other, he got a tremendous *flea in his ear*, began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider : so he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts had he not been roused from this state of indecision, by the news that his mistress had married an attorney’s apprentice, who she had seen the Sunday before at church, where he had excited the applauses of the whole congregation, by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a Dutch sermon. The young people in the neighbourhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion, but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious and replied, “ *Tut, boys ! I might have had her.*”\*

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\* NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD ESQ.

Our publisher, who is busily engaged in printing a celebrated work, which is perhaps more generally read in this city than any other book, (not excepting the bible)

—I mean the New-York Directory—has begged so hard that we will not overwhelm him with too much of a good thing, that we have, with Langstaff's approbation, cut short the residue of uncle John's amours. In all probability it will be given in a future number, whenever I auncelot is in the humour for it—he is such an odd—but, mum---for fear of another suspension.

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*Printed & published by D. Longworth,  
at the Shakspeare Gallery.*